

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.	
DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year	\$5.00
DAILY and SUNDAY, Three Months	1.50
SUNDAY, One Year	3.00
WEEKLY, One Year	1.00

For Lower Michigan—Warren; fair winds, shifting to southeast only.

IT IS INJURIOUS.

Ex-Minister Phelps upholds the Mises law in an article which is being freely circulated among congressmen, and among other things he says: "It may well be asked why, if members of congress are elected by districts, electors may not be chosen in the same way?" In support of his position and by way of argument, he cites a supposition case. Mr. Phelps' position would be tenable and logical if no ulterior motive existed; and if we seek a cause for the law, or inquire into its probable effect if put in operation, or view it from a constitutional standpoint, then the fallacies of his position are revealed. The law was framed, not for the purpose of bringing the voter nearer to a direct result, not for the purpose of popularizing, but solely for an ulterior purpose. Michigan on a popular vote, that is a vote regardless of internal boundaries, has always returned a republican majority. This was so well understood by the democratic legislature that they made it an object of prime importance to so restrict the state to give the minority the dominance. No other consideration governed their action or was allowed a scintilla of weight. The central and only idea was how best to hold the balance of power against the majority. The utter baseness of the scheme should condemn it, the wrong done should call forth an indignant protest from Michigan voters and the political organization that so subverted its power to partisan ends should suffer overwhelming defeat at the hands of their electors. The results can not be other than hurtful, unjust and at variance with our institutions; hurtful because its tendency is to legalize wrong, unjust because it gives supremacy to the minority, reduces the value of the numerically greater party and thereby augments the lesser. In a word its effect is to destroy majority rule.

BUSINESS MEN.

This important class of citizens enjoys many opportunities, many privileges denied his fellow men. Not only has he the opportunities of wealth, but he has the broader and better opportunity of noting the condition of his fellow man and intelligently mitigating his ills, but no other considerable class so well knows the idiosyncracies, the habits and the wants of all classes, no other class is so fully in touch and sympathy with all classes, and no other class commands so much respect or wields so much influence. The business man's opinions on economic and most political questions become specially valuable, because based on practical knowledge. His suggestions always receive consideration. He is the first to be questioned regarding the condition of the less fortunate classes. Thus enviously placed, he is not only the first to be importuned in cases of distress, but the first to be mentioned when an office of trust becomes vacant. While he may give of his means to the first, he too often turns a deaf ear to demands on his time. His public duties are subservient to his private ends. His citizenship is forgotten in the fascinations of his ledger. He disenchants himself and pleads in excuse that his vote would make no difference. This is not only untrue but it is a wrong. That one vote in the aggregate may mean enough to insure good government, the lack of it may bring reproach. To exercise his citizenship should and of right ought to be his first care, and anything less than the full performance of a duty he owes his city, county, state and nation is reprehensible.

It seems that the curtain is not to be rung down, nor the aspersions of Mrs. Blaine, Sr., to cease. On the contrary, this unfortunate marriage will, with the publication of Marie Nevins' reply to James G. Blaine's statement, assume scandalous proportions. It is a pity the wisdom of her attorney—Judge Palmer—should not have gone far enough to advise eternal silence on the part of Marie Nevins. Her course heretofore in this matter has been circumlocutory, and has gained her many friends and much sympathy, but if it is ventilated to the public, she may expect to be relegated to her true position in the affair. The fact is not to be concealed that this bright young woman "roped in" an 18-year-old boy who had "been a source of constant anxiety" to his parents and married him after a three weeks' acquaintance. The public are already aware that this same young lady attracted marked attention in 1886 at Washington by appearing before a select company in a costume of gauze and silk tights. This may have been, and probably was, innocent enough, but coupled with other incidents will tend to emphasize the light in which Mr. Blaine, Sr., has placed himself and convince the public that he has patiently endured where many another would have used extreme measures.

Census bulletin number 163 relates to irrigation in the state of Nevada, and shows that 1,167 farms are irrigated out of a total of 1,441 farms. The

total area of land upon which crops were raised by irrigation in the census year ending May 31, 1890, was 226,463 acres in addition to which there were about 260,000 acres irrigated for grazing purposes. The average size of the irrigated portions of farms on which crops were raised, was 192 acres. The average first cost of water right is \$7.50 per acre, and the average cost of preparing the soil for cultivation, including the purchase price of the land, is \$11.82 per acre. The average present value of the irrigated lands of the state, including buildings, and so forth, is said to be \$41. an acre, showing an apparent profit, less cost of building of \$21.60 per acre. The average annual cost of water is 84 cents per acre, which, deducted from the average annual value of products per acre, leaves an average annual return of \$12.08 per acre. Much detail concerning the drainage of the rivers of the state, suggestions for increasing storage capacity, and descriptions of the present and prospective irrigation of every county of the state are contained in the bulletin.

The opinion of the United States in the case of Wellman vs. The Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway Company, sustains the decision of our supreme court that the two-cent railroad fare act of 1890 was constitutional. The opinion will also settle the contention of the railroad companies, that the one-cent fare for transportation of the state troops was unconstitutional upon the same ground that the two-cent fare act was contested, that the legislature had no authority to fix an arbitrary rate of transportation of railroad companies any more than it had authority to fix the price at which a merchant should sell his goods. The Lake Shore road has accepted the one-cent fare from the state military board under the law, but always under protest. A refusal to transport the troops at the rate fixed by the act would simply prevent a state encampment, as there was no authority of law to increase the amount. The rate formerly was one and a-half cents per mile.

The New York World published a "Washington special" Monday to the effect that the days of the Hon. John Sherman in the United States senate were numbered. That Mr. Sherman had his mind fully made up on this matter and would some time next winter resign his seat, the resignation to take effect about March 4, 1894. Secretary Foster was already selected as Mr. Sherman's successor. When the publication was brought to Senator Sherman's attention, his comment was brief but comprehensive. He said: "There is not the slightest foundation for the story. I have never uttered to anyone my purpose to resign, for I have never even contemplated it."

Yesterday Mardi Gras was celebrated in New Orleans, and Rex with his Mytic Krew of Comus delighted and astonished sightseers gathered from many states. The custom of making merry on the last day before Lent is very ancient, and is observed in many cities, but in no one so merrily as New Orleans. The name Mardi Gras, meaning Fat Tuesday, seems to have been applied because it was the last day before Ash Wednesday, when Lent begins and all festivities end.

It is said that Canada will soon restore her old duty on logs for export. Such "policies" will very soon end all prospects for reciprocity.

It's an oversight on the part of the correspondents when a Russian plot to kill the czar is not "nipped in the bud" each day.

SENATOR HILL will visit Jackson, Miss., March 15. Dispatches from that city say he will receive an ovation.

AMUSEMENTS.

The "Power of the Press" closed at Powers last night. The play has been presented to fair houses. James E. Wilson gives a good Steven Carson, and he is ably supported by a very large cast, which numbers 28. The Annie Carson of Miss Ida Waterman was well received.

Redmond's Grand was crowded last night to witness the second presentation of "The Pay Train." The action of the play is quick, and the fun, though principally of a boisterous nature, is heartily enjoyed by the audience. Florence Hindley portrays "Sessie Burton" and "Foxy" in a manner which takes. The cast is well balanced. The play will prove a good drawing card.

Demetrius Konopitzky, the escaped Siberian exile, is still the drawing card at Geary's World's museum.

The New Orleans Crookes company hold the boards at Smith's this week.

Stage Fright.

A young man who had been seeking employment from an editor, finally obtained leave to write an article on a subject assigned by the editor, and to bring it in person in a week. The article was brought at the appointed time. The editor read it and knit his brows.

"You have some good thoughts here," he said; "but you write very badly."

"Well, you see, sir," faltered the applicant, "I was kind of scared. I never wrote in public before."—Argonaut.

The Boy Was Careful.

Little Son—Papa, my new sled is broke.

Papa—That was a very pretty little sled, and I told you to be careful of it.

"I was. It just broke itself while we were riding down Breakneck hill on it."

"Who were riding on it?"

"Me an George an Jack an Dick an Bob an Fatty an the rest."—Good News.

The Powers That Be.

He—I had such a delightful trip out to California. It happened that I made the acquaintance of the president of the road, who was in the same car, and I was very well treated.

She—What did he do for you; anything special?

He—Oh, you, indeed. He personally introduced me to the porter.—Life.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Talk to Mothers by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller.

BABY NOT TO RULE THE HOUSE

Dearest and Sweetest Experiences of Woman—The Child Should Not Be Left to the Care of Servants.



What wonder, then, that the very thing that should draw closer the married pair often hopelessly divides them? At this point, too, you need to be wise, for though your heart may be full at present, your duty no less than your desire is to keep both husband and child.

Now, to be sure, the baby is all yours; he lives in your life; he is a part of you. Nothing on earth is so deep, so sweet and so satisfactory as your love for him. But you must not forget that he, too, is an independent soul, that the day will come—all too soon—when he will strike out for himself; when, if you have not been judicious, he may even come to despise you—a heartbreaking but not uncommon experience.

In a long and close study of mothers I have noticed not only that the baby makes a great change in the household, but that his coming affects the mother in one of four ways. I want therefore to set up four guideposts as warnings in your path. The first way that opens before you, and the most tempting, is to become all mother. Baby is to you the most important object in the world; you forget that he is not the same to others. Everything in the whole establishment fits itself to the tune of the infant; if he sleeps, the household must go about on tiptoe; if he wakes at night, every one must be roused; the temperature must suit his needs; he must be brought into the parlor and absorb the attention and the talk of visitors; his first smile, his first word are hardly less than miracles.

A mother who adopts this plan becomes preoccupied, absorbed in her motherhood. It is easy to see how this comes between husband and wife like a dividing wall. The husband comes home, probably tired, and finds what? Rest and refreshment? Alas, no; only a nurse, a fussy mother and a baby who, dear as he may be, gets after awhile to be (it must be said) something of a bore, with his multifarious needs and his unlimited capacity for tears. Gradually the husband stays away longer, he drifts back to his club, he steps out after dinner and perhaps comes home at midnight.

You observe and lament, but instead of seeing your mistake and setting yourself at once to remedy it, you turn to baby for consolation. He has never disappointed you; he loves you above all; he is your comfort. True now, dear mother, but it will not be so always. With every succeeding child this breach widens; you having become a mother only, your husband finds no companionship at home and gets quite accustomed to seek it elsewhere. Your mutual interests die out; your influence upon each other is greatly weakened or destroyed. You have still a "provider," a "protector," but you have lost your husband.

The second way that lies before you when baby comes is exactly the reverse of this; it is to sacrifice the baby to the husband, to remain wife and develop hardly at all the mother side of your nature. In this case the child is placed in the hands of a nurse. Day and night—poor thing—he is kept in the nursery. He seldom sees mamma; still more seldom papa. If he survive the perils of infancy without a mother—and he may, for babies endure much and live—he will give his love to his nurse, and perhaps when he arrives at manhood may, as a popular writer of our time has done, dedicate his book to his nurse, not to his mother. He will be quite right the only mother he had was his for money.

The poor little motherless soul moves one's deepest pity, especially if he is taught to speak in a foreign language and thus defrauded of his mother tongue as well. Such deserted babies are not uncommon among people to whom "society" is life. But whatever the baby loses by this, the mother loses far more. To begin with, she has lost the plainest duty ever laid upon her; she has neglected to do for her own child what no human being but herself can properly do. Then she has lost the very sweetest experience life can give her. Finally, she has failed to make a home for her children, to whom, even more than to her husband, she owes a home. This is a failure even worse than the former.

The third path is not so easy and not always successfully followed, but I have seen it in operation and resulting in an indissolubly united family. It is to interest the father in the details of baby life as the mother is interested, gradually draw him in to do for the baby, till he gets to take as eager delight in the baby's bath, the first tooth, etc., as the mother herself. With some husbands, of course, this would be impossible, but when it can be done it makes a family delightful to itself, but it must be admitted, a terror to outsiders. The whole house becomes a nursery. Baby's socks ornament the piano, baby's carriage blocks the way, teething rings adorn the center table, and in fact it is a completely baby ridden establishment. Neither down this path can I advise you to go, though it is much more desirable than either of the preceding.

The fourth path is the way of wisdom. It is to get in the beginning the best possible help in the care of baby—the most precious thing in the house. It is astonishing how young men will dare trust babies to nurses, ignorant, even stupid girls. It seems not to occur to them that they are putting her in the position of mother, installing her, with nobody knows what vulgarities and superstitions, in the place of instructor, during the time when the baby must take impressions for life. Do not think this is a false alarm; it is solemnly true, but because the impressions are made so young, the mother attributes them to heredity or something else and does not suspect the cause. Do you ever think, unfortunate mother of a timid, nervous, convulsive child, that she took her lessons from a nurse, that she took her lessons

from a nurse, that she was taught to be afraid? And you, mother of a lying, deceiving boy, do you suspect where he learned those things?

Let me assure you that more is imbibed from nurses, their talk and their actions, which children are so quick to read, than is generally suspected; and impressions, too, that no reasoning of after years can entirely eradicate. Therefore, I say, spare no money to get the very best help—a mother herself, if possible, certainly a woman of intelligence, and conscientious in the performance of her responsible duty. Nor even then give up your own place to her. Be a mother all day, enjoy the sweet life of your baby, and be ready when your husband comes home to be once more a wife. Then you can leave the little one with confidence, and be no less a companion to your husband than before.

In a word, keep your motherhood and your wifehood in great measure separate. Do not go to the extreme, even of this—be very sure that papa is acquainted with the baby and has a personal interest in him, but does not tire of him; a man's endurance of "bother" is very limited, do not try it too much. When nursery days are passed (and the period of necessary babyhood is really quite short), the child takes his place in the family, although of course during his growing years he should sleep away the long evening hours. Happy is the child who has no nurse; whose mother is his playfellow and his caretaker, so well provided with efficient help in every other work that she can spend nearly all his waking hours with him and leave to a hired girl only the work for him.

An important point is to be sure of establishing just the right relations between father and children. Never set him up as the family bugaboo; never let "I'll tell papa" have terrors for the poor little soul. Neither put him in the place of lawgiver; be yourself the nursery lawgiver, and when nursery days are past and the child takes his place in the family life, help him as early as possible to be a law unto himself.

The entrance of the baby into the family brings an added motive for self control, for in the way you treat your husband you are training your child to do. Very soon—much before you suspect that your young daughter observes anything—she learns from seeing you how to treat a husband. Does she see him "managed"? No matter how adroitly it is done, no matter how completely his eyes may be blinded to the mean and despicable ways of his wife, the baby girl sees through it. She detects the unworthy wiles, the small deceptions, the petty lies, which are the weapons of this vice. Do you think you can bring her up into ways of honesty and fair dealing while your example is all the other way? Do not so flatter yourself. By your deeds you are teaching your baby things you would be horrified to think of.

Is your baby a boy? In the same way you teach him to be untruthful, dishonest, double faced and all the bad things you would rather die than have him be. Therefore, if not for your own self respect, for the sake of your babies, never, never descend to the degradation of "managing" a husband. With your son there may be still more disastrous results. If he comes up knowing his mother to be false, deceitful, his faith in womanhood itself is undermined. You not only prepare him to accept the common slanders of the cheap newspaper press, but you take from him the only anchor that could hold him against them—a hearty belief in his mother.

Again, I say to you, O mother, respect the individuality of your child. He is yours, you say? In one way his body may be yours, though only to a certain extent even that; but his soul—his mind was never yours and never will be. He is as much an individual as you are; he has just as much right to his own opinions and tastes as you have to yours. Happy will be the day when parents will get over the preposterous notion that they own their children, body and soul!

I have already advised you to be the nursery lawgiver, but there is another thing more important still: Carry out your own laws (whatsoever you need), even to administering the extreme penalty for disobedience. Never turn your child over to any one, especially to his father, to be punished. There are several reasons aside from the one with which I began—namely, that whipping, even striking a blow, is a brutal survival from barbarous times, degrading to the mother no less than to the child. A mother who cannot control her child without blows should put him, or more properly herself, into a reformatory at once; she is unfit to be a mother. Remember, I am talking to intelligent women, not to the ignorant classes, who know no other way to train the infant mind.

A second bad result of calling in paternal aid is to make the child fear or hate his father. A third is the almost certainty of having the punishment too severe. The delivering of a poor little terror stricken child into the grasp of a grown man who feels it his duty to hurt the delicate, shrinking body to influence the mind is to me not only cruel but wicked. It brutalizes both the actors in the shameful scene, and I should think the souls of such an outraged child would break the heart of any woman with a mother's soul in her. Why, even the beasts, whom we consider so much beneath us, are more tender of their young than that!

No, I say! Young mother, take your immortal stand there; that you only shall ever lay violent hands on your child, and then I beg of you to find a better way to govern than by the rod.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Compensations.

"Dogs are more faithful than men!" "But men have bank accounts."—Life.

He Didn't Recognize It.

When Brooks Herford first arrived in Boston, several years ago, he was the guest of Edward Everett Hale over night. In the morning he came down stairs with a look of pained surprise

manifest on his face. "What a pleasing custom you have here," he said, "of chiming the bells at midnight." His host and hostess looked at him in silent amazement, wondering if he had taken leave of his senses. "Yes," continued their guest, "I got up and leaned out of the window to listen. It was a pretty air they played, although I did not recognize it." "This," said Dr. Hale, telling the story afterward, "was the first time that I ever heard of a fire alarm being taken for a symphony."—Argonaut.

Had Expected Better Treatment.

He rapped on the door of the flat below his own, and when the door was opened, said apologetically:

"Pardon my intrusion. This is Mr. Filbert, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Springer. I occupy the flat just above you."

"Step in, Mr. Springer. What can I do for you?"

"It's merely a business call," explained the occupant of the upper flat. "I notice that you are using but one stove and a small grate now, while you used to keep three stoves going."

"Why, yes," returned the man in the first flat. "Times are rather hard and coal is expensive. But might I ask what business that is of yours?"

"Business of mine?" exclaimed the other in surprise. "Hang it, man! you're not treating me right! Don't you think anything is due your neighbors?"

"Neighbors! neighbors! What are you driving at? Haven't I always been a good tenant?"

"No, sir," roared the man in the second flat. "I was told you were when I moved in or I would have taken the flat across the hall from mine. The man underneath that keeps three stoves going all the time—three, mind you. He's a thoughtful, considerate man, while you—"

"Well, what's the matter with me?"

"Why, hang it all! your measly little fires don't heat the floors of my flat at all, and I have to burn a ton of coal more a month than the man across the hall from me. I tell you you're acting in a mighty small, mean way. You're showing a contemptible spirit in the treatment of your neighbors!"

They didn't quite come to blows, but the man in the lower flat was so mad that he put out all the fires, opened the windows, and took his family to a hotel for two or three days when the next cold snap arrived.—Chicago Tribune.

ODDS AND ENDS.

London has 65,000 Germans.

Strong City, Kan., has one lawyer.

New York city has 1,500,000 tenement residents.

Blotting paper is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

Lancaster county, Pa., is our greatest tobacco county.

Turkeys have been known to live thirty years in Indiana.

Plants in a room need fresh air, but must be kept from a cold draft.

Successful experiments in growing tea have been made near Panama.

Cover a nail with soap and it will then be easy to drive it into hard wood.

The people of this country spent more than \$14,000,000 last year for flowers.

In England locomotives have neither bells, headlights nor "cowcatchers."

More than a million people are treated in the hospitals of London each year.

The tallest and shortest people in Europe, the Norwegians and the Laps, live side by side.

Try a cloth, wrung out from cold water, put about the neck at night for a sore throat.

It is curious that butterflies and bees have tastes akin to those of the human family.

San Bernardino county, Cal., expends \$1,000 a month on its horticultural commission.

Every ugly man thinks, while he may not be pretty, there is something distinguished looking about his face.

The iron mines of this country produced nearly 15,000,000 tons last year. The capital invested is about \$110,000,000.

Carriages were first introduced in England in 1380, and were for a long time used only for the conveyance of the sick and of ladies.

Yuma county, A. T., will soon have a good system of irrigation. Two canals will irrigate several thousand acres of rich bottom land.

You will never offend any one by ridiculing the average man, for the reason that every one who hears you thinks he is above the average.

If you haven't got religion enough to make you anxious that somebody else shall get to heaven you haven't got quite enough to get there yourself.

For Secretary Bask's department—that of agriculture—\$20,000 has been appropriated for the pursuit and study of birds and bugs, and \$15,000 for chemistry.

Introduction of Merinos Into Australia.

The history of Australian wool growing began in 1789, when Mr. John MacArthur, of Sydney, landed at that port a herd of eight fine woolled sheep from the Cape of Good Hope. The success which crowned his venture, in the shape of a rapid improvement in the quantity and quality of the wool that these sheep produced, was so great that Mr. MacArthur ten years later sailed for Europe to secure some specimens of the hot, dry climate of pastoral Australia was particularly adapted. The Spaniards, however, knew the value of their flocks and had made the exportation of merino a capital offense. Therefore the Australian John MacArthur, disappointed in his quest for this fleece, which, if not itself golden, he believed would put much gold into his pocket, returned to England, where his enthusiastic accounts of Australia reached the interested ears of the farmer king, George III.

As MacArthur's luck would have it, the king, some years hence, had been presented by his cousin of Spain with a pair of the finest of these merinos, and from the increase thereof he graciously gave to the Australian four splendid animals, with which he set sail rejoicing. These high bred sheep landed safely in Australia and fully realized all the expectations of their owner. They improved the grade of wool and so increased and multiplied that, at the end of 1800, their progeny had spread all over Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand and numbered 101,367,894 individuals, representing, with the land upon which they pastured, at least \$490,000,000.

—Sidney Dickinson in Scribner's.

The Aerial Navigation Problem.

An Indianapolis boy has probably solved the aerial navigation problem. His name is Walter Mercer. His airship, when completed, will be in the form of a cylinder, the ends being cone shaped. Its entire length will be twenty-four feet, each conical end being five feet long and the cable ten feet. It will be made of aluminum, the lightest and strongest metal in the world, and will fly not less than 2500 feet in an hour.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it stimulates and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

soft as much faster as the operator may desire. From the extra abundant shafting, running to the vertical steam engine of three horse power in the cabin, will ascend two feet at each end.

On each shaft will be three propellers, having 10, 15, and 5 foot sweeps respectively. They will all be one foot wide, fashioned not unlike a boat oar, and will revolve 100 times per minute. The blades can be regulated to increase or decrease the rate of speed that may be desired before the start is made. The journals on the shafting will form the ends of the cones. The rotating power will be obtained by two propellers, four on each side and one on each end, which will revolve at about the same rate as the others. When the ship is at the required height they will continue to revolve, but at a slower rate, to keep the ship up.—New York Telegram.

The Grip a Good Thing.

James—This grip is a mighty good thing when you come to think of it.

Jameson—Don't see how.

"That's because you are not practical. I've saved a heap of money by it."

"Saved money?"

"Lots. The first time I had it I went to a doctor and got a prescription. Instead of taking that prescription to a drug store I made a copy of it and took the copy to the druggist. Since then, every time I've caught the grip I've just used that same old prescription, and it hasn't cost me a cent for doctor's fees. I just tell you it's a sight cheaper than having half a dozen different diseases, no two alike."—New York Weekly.

Hard to Get Along With.

There are many, many things in this life which a man or woman finds hard to get on with comfortably, but they all pale in insignificance, as a rule, when compared to the task of keeping on good terms with one's self. A majority of the fights in this life are with one's self because most of the disappointments, a large proportion of the annoyances and even some of the slaps in the face come from ourselves. About the only exceptions to this rule are caused by good stomachs and livers; therefore, if you count content, peace and smooth sailing, be good to these organs.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was She.

They have strange chambermaids at Shepherd's hotel in Cairo, says a lady traveler. The one who waited on our room and attended to all the various duties of the calling, even to the making of the beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner party (white waistcoat and dress coat) and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It is really embarrassing to accept of his services in such a capacity. One of the ladies, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid. This gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor or his chief assistant, she expressed her wish to see the chambermaid. He very politely replied in the best English he could command "Madame, she am I!"—Churchman.

She Had Written Everything.

She stepped up to the editor's desk demurely and said:

"Do you want any writing done?"

The weary editor looked at her and said:

"You write poetry, I suppose?"

"Yes; I have written a little poetry. I have also written several short stories, a novel and a play."

"I beg your pardon," said the editor, catching his breath. "but is there anything you haven't written?"

"I don't believe there is," she said confidently, yet shyly. "You see I am a stenographer and typewriter, and I do a great deal of work for 'literary gentlemen.'"—Washington Star.

A Simple Tale.

She was a little country miss, Who did not care for fine dress, And so she thought her maid marry her Because she'd save his pin.

So simple was she in her ways He laughed aloud in glee, And thought, "She doesn't care for dress; She's just the girl for me."

But when they'd lived in town a year, He found he was outdone, For bills came in so fast, and slow He was the simple one.

—Clock Review.

A Valuable Tip.